

Slaughter

"Back The Fuck Up"

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What the fuck are you looking for?
Can't a young nigga get money anymore?
Can y'all bums get funny anymore?
Can my life get sunny anymore?
Back the fuck back 'fore I fuck you up
Ay! Back the fuck back 'fore I fuck you up
You better back the fuck back 'fore I fuck you up
(Slaughterhouse!)

I came, I saw
I conquered, I'm a monster
Back the fuck back 'fore I fuck you up
You better back the fuck back 'fore I fuck you up

Feeling like the greatest, Motor City's finest
My crew looking Jamaican, I'm rolling with the grinders
They calling me Old Head, but so what the young
I set the bar with the bars even though I'm bar none
Hot car, top's off, hot broad, rockstar
Watch not flawed, tell y'all to watch dogs knock it off
I'm too pretty to fight, this gonna end fast
My clip long as Sinbad's when it's on it's tenth blast
Fuck y'all radio play, fuck y'all radio stations
Long as I'm paid, my lady built like a long-legged alien
If it all ended today, I can honestly say
I performed and recorded with the greatest, word on
The Chronic to Dre
Now I'm as polished as Obama wiping down a diamond
With the ass of Diamond from Crime Mob
After she's had a shiny Armani hind-job
I'm a be straight
And you can pick a rapper, any rapper, and line up the
date
I'm in a zone where the fuck is the ref with the whistle?
Don't gotta impress you, I just diss you
The press pretzels the issue
My homie Joey showed me the net
And I went and got me a gross net fiscal
I'll stretch you like the tek is a Bowflex pistol
So don't bet
You would prefer me to be coming with you like phone

sex

With a sexy electrician whose next mission
Is to cut your buzz off if you don't rap right
I ain't wrapped tight but I'm just that gift
Crack piff, mac spit, Cadillac flips
We can match whips, battle rap dick
I'd rather have an actress on my mattress
Who giving me brain so long she don't know jack shit
But how to do that dick
Fact shit confidence of a fat chick
Caught onto fashion from catchin bodies at Saks and
Fifth
I came, saw, and I conquered, pig gang
Y'all talkin I'm chainsawing your tonsils

Out for lunch with my accountant
Back the fuck back down to Chase doing counting
My bitch back the fuck back it up when I'm pounding
Y'all funny style watching Broke-the-fuck-back-
Mountain
Y'all tuned into the Slaughters, the group fathers hate
Cause we move in on their daughters, with shit news
reporters
Holding their hand when they trying to get interviews in
order
That's a chico stick mami, come chew me I'm a quarter
Of the House Gang, call it the crib, mami
These niggas running trying to get in our seat, a bunch
of Mitt Romney's
But I stand at the podium with the fifth by me
Screaming out "Yes we can, open yo shit Papi"
I rap well so I'm a bit cocky
From Maxwell blank tapes with the tissue in it to disc
copies
To downloads in one click I'll be
Still rhymin when music is telepathic you can come sit
by me
I'll stare at you with the rawest thoughts
CNN? Y'all think news, CNN? I think War Report
I say "Big L, " you say "weed", I say Harlem's boss
A legend I'm repping for him and all that my sport has
lost
Hip-Hop ain't just a way of life
It's all I know, it's what fill up my kid's cutty day and
night
When it got soft, y'all conformed, man I stand to fight
Y'all went bathing apes I went ape in my favorite Nikes
Back the fuck back bredren
I brought it back when rap was defective, please don't
ask me no questions
Friend or foe, speak quick

Or I'll put this foot back the fuck back where you leak
shit

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